A Dolefull Ditty, or sorowfull Sonet of the Lord Darly, sometime King of Scots.

Newe to the Noble and worthy King, King Henry the eyght, and is to be song to the tune of blacke and pellowe.

MY hand and pen proceede to write,
A wofull tale to tell:
My pen it cannot halfe indite,
Alas how it befell.
Wo worth the man that Treason first
This thing did take in hande,
Of all mens mouthes they may be curst,
Throughout this English land.
wo worth wo worth wo worth thē all
wo worth to them I say:
wo worth wo worth wo worth thē all
wo worth to them alway.

¶ As it befell to Lord Darly,
Whose friendes they may all rew,
That euer he on Scotland ground,
Or any place thereof knew.
The Queene of Scots a letter sent,
With it a hart and Ring,
Desiring him to come to her,
And she would make him king.
Wo worth, &c.

¶ She thought it was a Courteous deed,
So noble a Queene as she,
Would marry him, and make him king,
Whereto he did agree.
When first in Scotland that he went,
He was discreete and sage:
And when in hand he tooke to rule,
But twentie yeares of age.
Wo worth, &c.

¶ The garde of Scotlande he did leade,
With all his noble trayne:
And ruled Scotland vertuously,
While life he did sustayne.
But listen now and giue good eare,
To heare what chaunce befell.
For as the prouerbe olde doth go
Gold may be bought to well.
Wo worth, &c.

¶ So did this noble Lord Darly,
When England he forsooke:
When that in Scotland first he went,
The rule thereof he tooke.
There dwelt a straunger in the court,
Sinior David calde by name,
He was the first that went about,
This Treason vile to frame.
Wo worth, &c.

¶ And chamberlayn he was to ỹ Queen,
Who preferde him wondrous well,
As all the Lordes in Court beheelde,
Which causde their heartes to swell,
Against this David grudged the king,
A quarrell was pickt for the nonce,
Within the chamber there was drawn,
Twelue Daggers all at once.
Wo worth, &c.

Some of the Lords tooke the kings part
And some tooke his certayne,
Two Daggers he had at his hart,
And so David was slayne.
And when the Queen hard of this news
she sore began to weepe,
And made a vowe and oth certayne,
That she did meane to keepe.
Wo worth, &c.

¶ That in a twelue month and a day,
She would not pleased be:
Because that David so was slayne,
With such great cruelte.
The twelue moneth and a day expyred,
A meeting there should be,
By all the Lordes it was agreede,
with great solemnitie. Wo worth, &c

¶ At Rocksborow Castle there,
this king and Queene should meete,
And be made friendes as earst they were
Some Lordes the same did seeke.
Three wights conspired the kings death
Whose names are all well knowne.
For which alas the people in
The countrey made great mone.
Wo worth, &c.

The wightes which this treason began,
for to destroy the king,
They tooke with them Gunpouder then,
the chamber they went in.
And to them close they shut the doze,
For feare of being spide,
They strawed the powder round about,
Full thick on euery side.
Wo worth, &c.

¶ And thereon strewed rushes greene,
to hide the powder withall,
Because they would not haue it seene.
Nor nothing suelt at all.
The banquet then prepared is,
They suppe and drinke the wine,
The king (alas) knew not of this,
The which was wrought that time.
Wo worth, &c.

¶ And after supper they did talke,
to passe away the time,
And euery man his fancie spake,
As best did please his minde,
Some men with Sinior David beald,
The king then in a rage:
Up to his chamber went straight way,
none with him but a page. Wo worth.

¶ And when he came the Chamber in,
the Page began to tell:
You are betrayde O noble king,
for powder I doe smell.
O flee from hence haste you away,
and I on you will waight.
The king that hearing presently,
Leapt out the windowe straight.
Wo worth, &c.

¶ One of them stoode vnder the windowe
and tooke him in his arme,
Saying who art thou. O man feare not,
For thou shalt haue no harme,
I am an English man quoth he,
Of Scotland I am king,
King Henry once myne Uncle was,
Which was of England King,
Wo worth, &c.

¶ I know thee well quoth one of them,
For that thou shalt fare the worse,
That euer thou slewest the Chamberlayn,
that day thou sure shalt curse,
For looke what frendship thou didst shew
the Chamberlayne vnto:
The like also to thee I am,
Now minded for to do. Wo worth, &c

Two of them tooke ỹ king straight way
And bound him foote and hand,
On a peare tree in the orchard,
this noble king they hangde,
And when the Queen hard of this news.
She sore wept for the king,
Peace Madame quoth the Lord Jamie,
you do but fayn this thing, wo worth.

¶ For why quoth she though he were
none was more meete then he. (pong,
To haue worn the crowne for his linage
He came of high degree.
But now I wish my chamberlayne,
Had hanged in his roome:
So that the king aliue had bene,
For to haue worn the Crowne.
wo worth, &c.

¶ Thus hath this noble king alas,
His life lost as you heare:
Therefore I say and will not still,
He did buy Gold to deare.
God graunt good Lord with hart I pray
Our noble Queene to guide,
And graunt that neuer traytours false,
about her highnesse bide.
wo worth wo worth wo worth thē all
wo worth to them I say:
wo worth wo worth wo worth thē all
wo worth to thē alway. Finis. H. C.

¶ Imprinted at London by Thomas Gosson dwelling in Paternoster Rowe, next to the signe of the Castell.